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SYNOPSIS.

chapter 1.—Tom Scott, a New England armhand, decides to go to Klondike to earch for gold. In Boston he rescues fr. Avery from footpads, and, as his new consultance is also going to Klondike, he sake Tom to accompany him, and the invision is accepted. They take passage on he Beabird, a salling vessel bound for Trisco.

Trisco.

Chapter II.—They board the vessel and have mate. Obed Rider, whom the capain had just secured, proves to be an old memy of Tom's, who had accused his famer of deserting the ship of which he was aptain and taking with him several thought and dollars of the owner's gold. Tom's tather had not been home since the accusation had been made, but Tom, then a soy, did not believe it, and attempted to whip Rider. In the fight he broke the mate's nosa. When the mate finds Tom aboard the vessel he vows to be avenged for the broken nose.

Chapter III.—During the passage Mr. Avery is knocked overboard accidentally

Chapter III.—During the passage Mr. Avery is knocked overboard accidentally and Tom again saves his life by jumping not the ocean after him. The man is intured internally and about to die. He calls Tom to him and wills him all his money, 8,000, and also his share in a rich gold region which his partners have discovered and where he was going to join them. He gives Tom a letter from one of them which the possession of which and Avery's will will serve as an identification when he gets there.

Chapter IV.—Rider hears the man's con-

gets there.

Chapter IV.—Rider hears the man's conversation with Tom and determines to get the papers and the gold which they entitle the holder to. In San Francisco Tom is waylaid and robbed by Rider of the paper and what money he had with him, but the majority of his cash was on board the beabird. Tom is found by the second materal the seabird, Green, who has left the sea to search for gold, and taken to his lodgings. Rider escapes and starts for Dyca.

Yea Rider meets Tom's

yea Rider meets Tom's een in the gold fields me with a fortune. He his brother, and is told saying that Tom died buried by the captain fter giving Rider gold reach the gold fields, ts for 'Frisco to find d from him learns that but had started for the before. en believes Rider has

Dyea Rider has formed a tough named Bowers, b search for the hidden Tom and Green reach em being aware of their yues a woman from the nd finds that she is the her of the man who beighim the papers which
he and her father were
ie mines for which his
d. Tom tells his story
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n the meantime Rider
their way up the Daltone of the partners of
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CHAPTER IX. JOINING FORCES.

Tom and his prety camped the first eight about 30 miles from Dyea. The next morning they were early astir and continued their journey. The young girl was too full of life and spirits to ride quietly at her father's side, and Tom had several long chats with her as they wound their way along the can with those two scoundrels ahead faintly-marked trail.

emember her mother w! she was very young. She had always lived in Wisconsin with her father, and | plied: was an only child. She refused to be left behind on the present occasion, she , stand better when you get there. Dick said, and it was very apparent she ruled her father in most things.

In return Tom described his life at breathless interest to the story of the voyage and his adventure at San Fran-

She was riding by his side late in the afternoon when suddenly she pointed to the summit of a hill not far ahead. and exclaimed: "See! There's a man coming this

way!"

She had scarcely spoken when the second mate announced the same fact. hopelessly in love with his fair companion, and paid but little attention to other things. Five minutes later Joe Tarbox had

met them, and Tom accosted him at once with: "How are you! Bound for Dyea?"

"That's just it," was the response as the man ran his eyes rapidly over the liberal outfit with an appreciative glance. "Where might you be heading?"

"We're going toward Fort Selkirk," said Tom.

"Going down the river to Dawson?" "It's hard to tell where we'll fetch up," replied the young man evasively. "Did you meet anyone on this trail lately?" asked Avery, pushing forward. The man hesitated a moment, and

"Well, yes, I did meet two men yesterday. Friends of yours?"

"What were they like?" asked Tom. "One was a tall chap that I think I've seen at the river stations, and the other was a sailor. He said he was, and he looked it. He was stout built, with a nose that looked as if it was broken some time. He-"

"Obed Rider!" "It's the mate!"

The exclamations broke simultaneously from Tom and Green, while the tranger looked at them in surprise,

and added: "That wasn't the name he gave me.

He said his name was Tom Scott." "By thunder! We're on the right course," shouted Green, while Tom could only gasp:

"Tom Scott! That's my name!" The man looked at them a moment in blank astonishment, and then a light evidently seemed to break on his mind, for he turned and looked sharply at Avery and asked:

"Will you tell me your name?" "Certainly. My name is William Avery."

The other man stepped up to him at ence and extended one of his hands, palm downward, on the middle finger of which was a heavy gold ring with a cu-

rious device in the back. "If that is your name, you can tell me the history of this ring," he said, looking Avery full in the face. "I surely ought to be able to," was

the reply, while the others looked on in surprise at the little scene being enacted so unexpectedly before them. "I gave it to Dick Taylor in California a good many years ago. You must be the man be mentioned in his letter to me. You are Joe Tarbox, or you wouldn't have that ring."

"Right you are," was the hearty response, "and I'm mighty glad to see



"See, there's a man coming this way!"

you. Can you wouch for these two men? Is this really the Scott your brother mentioned in his will?" "What do you know about his will?"

demanded Tom, blankly. "Because I've seen it." "Seen it! I was robbed of it in 'Fris-

"The mate must have shown it to him!" broke in Green. "I knew I was right all the time!"

The questions now flew thick and fast and soon Tarbox was made aware of the true state of affairs. Tom showed him the identification he had brought from San Francisco, which removed the last lingering doubt, but their new acquaintance was determined to take no chances. He maintained a discreet silence in regard to the mine and its exact location, declaring that until his partner had seen and acknowledged the party he was not at liberty to reveal any of the secrets.

At length Avery said, abruptly: "But you are not going to Dyea now? We have supplies enough here to feed our party and you two besides for the next year. You must come back with us. We ought to hurry as fast as we

of us. They may catch Dick with the She confided to him that she did not papers they've got. How can be tell it what they are all straight ?"

Tarbox chuckled grimly as he "They won't find him. You'll underwill know the tallest galoot the moment he sets his eyes on him. We've both seen him before. The sailor picked home, and the young girl listened with out just the man to queer him with

Dick. If it wasn't for that I might feel a little bit uneasy, but it's all right, 1 tell you. Dick Taylor is no tenderfoot. We might as well camp for the night. It'll soon be dark. If all this stuff is grub there's enough to feed the whole Klondike country." He was firm in his refusal to pro-

ceed further that day, and, in fact, by the time the loads had been removed from the horses and the animals cared As for Tom, he would not have seen an | for the sun had disappeared. The tents army just at that time, for candor com- were soon pitched and after supper pels the statement that he was already , and a friendly chat the entire party stretched themselves on their rude couches and were soon asleep.

An early start was made the following morning, and, three days later, asthey reached the top of a long hill, Tarbox pointed to a white cliff a few miles to the north and said:

"There is where the trail branch-25 or 30 miles then. We'd better push ahead and see if we can't make it before dark."

An hour later they reached the landmark. Tom could not see any sign of a trail in the direction in which Tarbox turned his horse's head, but after a moment the latter pointed to a spot where the marks of hoofs were plainly to be seen and said coolly:

"Our two friends managed to find their way, I see."

He had not uttered a threat against the men who had tried to deceive him, but Tom felt certain there would be a day of reckoning in the near future. There was an air of resolution about their guide which is only gained by contact with danger in its various

"Push the horses along," said Tarbox "We shan't want all of them after today. Mebbe we shan't want them at all. We can't keep them where we are go-

"But there's plenty of meat on their

bones," said Tom. "We won't need it." Tarbox was apparently determined

not to explain himself and the subject was dropped. Mile after mile was rapidly traversed, for the country was comparatively open, and even the pack horses could trot at times. Still the

ruide showed no sign of pausing, and plied his partner. "We saw their tracks at last the sun was dipping behind the horizon. Then he suddenly turned to off all right. We were too busy hurrythe left around a huge bowlder toward | ing to look for them any more. I supwhich they had been traveling for some time, and the rest saw directly in front how, but if they should see our fire time, and the rest saw directly in front of them the summits of two lofty hills, there might be trouble. We must stand the gorge between them being densely & watch to-night. If we can get everywooded about half way up on either thing out of sight before they get here side.

The tops were still crowned with find us in a hundred years."

snow, upon which the setting sun shone its crimson rays until they seemed bathed in blood.

For some distance on the left of the ravelers extended a perpendicular cliff fully a hundred feet high and accessible only to the birds. On the right the ascent was more gradual, but the trees were very dense until the snow line was reached.

Tarbox led the way among the bowlders at the foot of the cliff until he other, while Dic. came to an open spot. Then he dismounted and said:

"We are here. Now for a fire."

Tom was about to go for fuel, when he saw Tarbox reach behind a rock and | betray his presence to a watcher. bring out a handful of dry twigs and moss, which he soon ignited. When the blaze shot up he covered it with damp moss, and the result was a dense column of smoke which went curling up the face of the cliff until it showed distinctly against the sky above.

The other men busied themselves with the usual routine work of camping, but Tarbox stood by the fire in silence for and laid his hand fully ten minutes. An anxious look began to appear on his face, but suddenly he gave a little exclamation of relief as a pebble struck him on the shoulder and rebounded to the ground.

"I'll be back in a minute," he called to Avery's daughter, who was nearest to him. Then he disappeared behind

one of the rocks. Like a shadow he glided along in the gathering darkness, twisting and turning without hesitation until he stopped at a spot where the base of the cliff was covered with scrub and moss. With a hasty glance about him, as if to be ing of shooting a man in the back if he certain no one was watching him, he had any cause to do it. It's a pity this stooped and pulled aside a mass of clinging creepers from the rock, reveal-much as we wanted before anyone other. ing a narrow opening some three feet found out about it. Now there's no tellwide and extending upwards to an un-"All right, Dick," he whispered, softly.

Tarbox was standing sentry over the and then came a rustling noise as a silent camp. man appeared from the dark cavity and grasped his hand warmly.

CHAPTER X. RUN DOWN AT LAST.

"What brought you back so quick?" said the newcomer, in a low tone. "I wasn't looking for any signal, and was just going to turn in when I happened

"One of the Averys is with me," was the reply. "It's a long story, Dick. I begin to pack in the stuff." met him on the way. Come and take a peep at him, and make sure. I haven't spoke, and the others followed his ex- their route. Several times they missed told him anything that'll hurt us, but ample. When they reached the face of the trail, but after four days' travel there is no doubt he is the right party. | the cliff he paused and said, solemnly: Come on, but keep out of sight till you are sure."

As he spoke he retraced his steps to the fire, the other following close behind him, until he was able to peer cautiously around a rock and obtain a good look at the party. Then, with a shout, he sprang forward and seized Avery's hand, exclaiming:

"Bill, old man! Shake! Where's

Avery clasped his hand warmly, but did not reply for a moment, and the two old friends silently noted the changes that for severa which the years had made in each other. Many had passed since they met, and as they stood there, looking into each other's eyes, with the light from the fire flickering upon their rugged features, to each it seemed that they were back in the old days, when their blood was hotter than now, and their hair innocent of the gray with which both heads were liberally sprinkled. Taylor was first to recover himself.

and he repeated:

"Where is John? Didn't he-" "Poor John is dead," interrupted the other, sadly. "He died on the ship he was coming on from Boston and was buried at sea. This young man saved him from drowning, but he was hurt internally when he fell overboard and never got over it." "John dead!"

That was all, but the hands of the two men gripped harder for a moment, and both understood. No words of sympathy could have conveyed more mean-

Tarbox now stepped forward and made his partner acquainted with the other members of the party. Then he

"It's too dark to try to get up to the camp to-night. We shall have to stay here till morning, Dick. There's a long story to tell, and I wish we were safe out of sight now. Have you seen any

smoke before?" "Smoke? What do you mean? Who would be doing that? All the people who know our signal are here now."

"Not by a long sight, they ain't," was the reply, as Tarbox tried to pierce the narrow strip of blue sky wound like es off to our place. It's only about darkness about them, which was intense by this time.

"What do you mean?" "Well, it's a long story, Dick. In the first place, we might as well get a bite of supper, and then Scott here will tell you all about his trip on the vessel and what happened to him. I'll finish the yarn, and then you'll understand just

how the thing stands." This was sound advice, and his partner made no objection, but he was burning with impatience, and could hardly wait till the frugal repast was swallowed. Then he exclaimed:

"Now, let's have the story. There's a good deal depending on it. Come, Scott, fire away.'

Tom at once began a detailed account of his acquaintance with the old miner. and when he had concluded the story Tarbox added his meeting with the two men who had showed him the papers, adding:

"If I'd ever suspected the truth, Dick, I'd put a spoke in their wheel somehow. One of them is that tall scamp we saw hastled out of Ladue's. I didn't recognize him at first, but when I saw him tipping the wink to the sailor on the and they have as much right here as we aly, I began to smell a rat."
"But where are they?" burst out Tay-

lor, excitedly. "You say they were ahead of us. Where are they now?" did rob me!" "That's what makes me uneasy," re-

stole," was the quiet reply, "but you back by the white cliff and they turned have no courts here and can't prove anything against him. I think I'll take a look along the trail and see if there are any signs of them," made his way up the incline until he reached the top of the cliff, where he shaded his eyes with both hands, for they'll never be the wiser. They can't the sun was glaring. A moment later he called his companions, who hastened to join him.

His partner evidently shared his un-"Look!" he said, as they reached his he had parted with on the trail, while a

easiness, for he responded quickly:
"Perhaps they wan", but we mustn't side. Following his outstretched arm the take any chances I'll take the first others saw a mounted man not more of "Avery!" being plainly distinguishwatch and you t second. We are than a mile from the foot of the cliff | able. more used to this ort of thing, you and making directly for it. That it was know. We'll keep te fire down low. the mate or his companion there could It isn't very cold. be no doubt. He was leading several pack horses, and Joe Tarbox at once The rest of the rty now retired Avery and his dan ter occupying one

I the situation

nd a chorus o

soundness of

sed until it was

he miner entered

Ber was sleeping

atly on his shoul-

In an instant sleeper was wide

"Hear anything?" asked Tarbox soft-

"No," replied the other, "but some

this feeling yet but what there was sure

to be trouble ahead. I wish it was day-

ilght. Keep out of sight as much as you

saw at Ladue's place would think noth-

Five minutes later he was asleep, and

It was nearly daybreak when he re-

plenished the fire, for the air grew very

chilly. Soon a gray streak appeared in

his tent the sun was just rising over

the rolling land over which they had

The rest of the party were soon awake, and Taylor said at once:

"I believe we have not been seen yet.

and start them off. The rest of us will

He grasped a heavy package as he

you will never reveal it until I give you

permission. Will you promise this?"

doorway at the height of some seven or

Taylor led the way with his burden

after looping the creepers to one side to

"Don't you count me?" pouted Clara.

prevent them from being torn away. A

few steps brought them beyond the arch

of rock, and a simultaneous exclama-

tion of astonishment broke from all the

They found themselves standing at

the bottom of a deep chasm in the solid

rock. On either side of them the walls

some 50 feet as smoothly as if chiseled

by human agency. Far above them a

ribbon, and in front, at a distance of a

few yards, a sharp curve in the rocky

Where they stood the passage wid-

"The is the bed of some old stream

which must have run here thousands of

years to wear its way down through the

rock to this depth. Right here where

troubling him he kept it to himself,

and joined the others, after breakfast,

in the work of bringing up the rest of

the goods, which proved no easy task.

package had been safely piled in the

cave, Dick Taylor said thoughtfully:

Three hours later, when the last

"Why wouldn't it be a good plan to

block up the passage? Those two

men are too near to suit me, Joe.

They've got my letter and are sure to

find where we camped last night if they

look long enough. The very fact that

nosing round and find the opening un-

"We might make him give up what he

Turning on his heel abruptly he

ened abruptly for a space of some ten

way shut off all further view.

feet, and Taylor said:

men.

have."

beyond was apparently from above.

up to the rocky

ers, disclosing to

e same aperture

ned the previous

they could see

e rock overhead

ing what may happen."

traveled the day before.

about them.

Their guide stepp wall and carefully

mass of moss and

their wondering (

from which he l

night. Looking

was unbroben

awake, and a moment later the two

recognized the outfit. younger men the "It's one of them, sure enough!" he aylor loosened his exclaimed. "They've managed to find revolver in his belt, made sure that their way here, and now they will see each cartridge was in place, and then the ashes of our fire. They'll make took up his post in the dark shadow of one in the same place, but that's all the a huge rock where no ray of light could good it'll do them. Still, I think we'd better stop up that hole, so they can's was to be heard but

best he could, not daring to shout for get through if they do find it." "Better do it at once, then," replied Taylor, and the two men started for the entrance to the gully. When they had reached it Tarbox pointed to a big bowlder lying almost on the edge of the opening and said:

"Call the rest of them and we will roll this chap down. It won't go far befere it wedges, and then no living man an come through."

But it required half an hour's laborious work to accomplish this. They were obliged to fell a small tree for a lever, and even then it required their united labor to move the heavy bowlder. Inch by inch, however, they forced how I feel uncomfortable. I never had it along until it overbalanced. Then with a sullen crash it fell into the rocky bed and bounded down the steep way for some 30 yards until it reached a can, Joe. I didn't say much before the turn. Here it wedged itself fast, comrest, but I believe that scoundrel we

pletely blocking the passageway.

But, mingled with the crash of its lodgment, the men distinctly heard a muffled shout from beyond it, which caused them to stare blankly at each

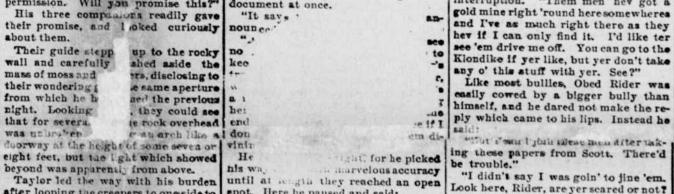
CHAPTER XL

JUST TOO LATE. When Joe Tarbox left the mate and his companion and started on his way to Dyea the latter watched him until he disappeared behind the first hill. the southeast, and as Tom came out of Then he turned to Rider and rubbed his hands together gleefully.
"You done that fine!" he exclaimed.

"We are all right now! Let's make tracks. I'm itchin' ter git my hands ou some of the yaller boys. Did yer notice how that feller choked himself off when to see the smoke. Who have you but we must get out of sight before he started ter say somethin' bout a breakfast. Joe, turn the horses loose nugget? I wouldn't give a cent for his chances of seein' 'em agin."

Their horses were soon ready, and once more the two adventurers took up they came to the white cliff mentioned

"I am going to show you a wonderful in the letter. secret. All I want is your word that "Make sure good out-" "Make sure what it says," said the miner, and Rider produced the precious interruption. "Them men hev got a document at once. gold mine right 'round here somewheres His three companions readily gave "It says



until at sength they reached an open spot. Here he paused and said: "It's guesswork now, but we'd bet-

ter keep as nigh the same direction as jest whar them fellers are now, an' we kin. We ain't far from the end they don't know whar we be. If we keeps our eyes open thar's sure ter b But for once he was wrong. Had he a chance for business. Will yer stick diverged more to the left he would have ter me or not?" soon reached the turn from which a view of the gorge was to be had. As it

was they inclined to the right, and as had purchased, and was forced to subcamp for the night. Hank Bowers' restless eyes were always on the alert, and as they were unsaddling their animals he suddenly gripped Rider's arm with one hand and pointed with the other. "See that smoke!" he exclaimed.

'Look!" Rider did look, and there, plainly defined against the setting sun, was a column of black smoke curling upward far to the southwest.

"What do you suppose it is?" he inquired. "That is a signal! No fool would try attempt to leave him now that he was to cook with wet wood when there's

plenty o' dry ter be had! You stay here Scott and take his papers, but his cuand don't move till I git back!" Without another word he strode off in the direction of the smoke, which the evident intention of his comrade to seemed to be beyond a heavily wooded hill not more than a mile away. At the right of the hill stood a ragged rock rose perpendicularly to the height of like a sentinel on duty, and toward this



be bent his steps. He was not long reaching it and from its shelter he peered cautiously around the outer cor-

we let our horses go will let them know that we must have gone where we could A party of men were unsaddling their not possibly take them. They are sure horses near the foot of a high cliff, and, to see the animals. Suppose they go as he looked, he distinctly saw a woman among them. The twilight was deepender the moss? We are on American soil ing fast, and he could not distinguish any features, but he muttered aloud: "If that don't beat all! I don't un-"But one of them tried to murder derstand it nohow. I must know who me," cried Tom, indignantly, "and he they be, an' what they're after!"

With stealthy steps he drew near the party, sheltering himself easily behind the bowlders as he proceeded. Soon he was near enough to be certain that the men were strangers to him, and he watched the thick smoke with curiosity. He did not see Joe Tarbox, for the latter had disappeared before the watcher drew near, but as the latter

erouched behind a rock he suddenly "Of course I could. Why?" attered a savage oath. "Sold! Curse him! He must have been on to me!

drinking then. He was sober now, and attempt to bully or rob five armed men was quite another matter. Still, there was no help for it, and he tried to steel his cowardly heart to its work. Bowers relieved him at midnight, and as soon as the first streak of daylight you know.

could be seen he aroused the mate and said: "I'm off again. Stay here and keep in under this hill as much as you can till I

get back." Once more he made his way to the

bowlder and took up his station. From his hiding place he could see the different members of the party as they carried load after load out of sight among the rocks, but suddenly one of the men mounted a horse and drove the rest directly toward the hidden watcher. "What's he drivin' at?" muttered

Bowers to himself. As the rider drew near the miner was forced to throw himself at full length on the ground to escape being seen, and he fingered his revolver grimly. Tarbox was too busy with the horses to look very sharply about him, and soon turned back after giving the animals a few sharp blows, which sent them off at full speed.

Then he returned to his party, and at last they had all disappeared from sight.

Bowers waited until he was satisfied that they would not reappear; then he stretched his cramped limbs and hurried back to Rider, who was impatiently awaiting him. "What are they doing?" asked the

latter, eagerly. "They've turned all their critters loose an' hid away somewheres," was the reply. "See here, Rider, I've got a scheme.

"A scheme?" "That's what I said. It's a good one, too. Suppose you could find yer way back to Dyea?"

"I'm goin' ter tell yer why. Thar's about a dozen good critters turned loose. They're worth \$200 apiece in Dyea, I dunno but more. You don't For there before him stood the man Dyea, I dunno but more. You don't

seem fer want ter put up a bluff an' jine this party. We'll ketch them horses and with one of the party, his joyous shout you drive 'em back to Dyea an' sell 'em. Bring one spare critter back with yer fer me an' one fer ther swag. When yer git back come ter thet big bowlder watched the preparations for camping. an' jest as ther sun is risin' show yerself a minit. That night her the borses. thar an' I'll jine yer. Understan ?"

fifth man was shaking bands heartily

For a few moments Hank Bowers

then, apparently satisfied that the par-

ty was settled for the night, he stole

noiselessly away, his evil face lighted

But Bowers found it no easy task to

retrace his steps. It was now very

dark, and as Rider had not dared to

light a fire there was nothing to guide

his companion, who stumbled about as

just been watching. He became hope-

up with a look of triumph.

heard a horse stamping.

point not 20 yards away:

'Is that you, Bowers?"

what you had seen.

done for, we have!"

"Avery!"

gasped:

somethin'

was to

the o

"What's the matter?"

ther men is named Avery-"

met a party an' turned back. One o'

The mate's teeth chattered as he

"Rot! There may be more'n one Avery

in named Bill that

haps that

manp oder a big

from where we're

a must be Scott and

gal that

ve routed

the letter an'

ere it did! Mebbeit's

cr cousin or

in ther world! Didn't that letter say

the second mate," said Rider, "and

don't you see these papers are no good

to us after all our trouble? We can't

"Tut d'em l'jour messe men after tak-

"I didn't say I was goin' to fine 'em.

Here we are, two stout chaps with plen-

ty of grub an' the horses. We knows

"Of course I'll stick, Bowers!"

ther last. We've got ter be movin'

In five minutes the hardened rascal

was snoring, while Rider stood guard.

He had no stomach for Bowers' com-

pany now, and would gladly have left

him, but the miner had gained such an

ascendancy over him that he dared not

asleep. He had meant to assault Tom

pidity was inflamed, and he had been

claimed:

bright an' early."

do anything now but give the thing up

"But I saw him buried at sea!"

"But what are you goin' to do?" "That's my funeral. You do jest as tell yer. Don't make any slip. It wouldn't be very healthy fer yer if yer went back on me. I'd foller yer all over kingdom come,"

question he could settle later on. At fear he might alarm the party he had present it was enough to be rid of the desperate man who eyed him as if readlessly lost at last and was about to give ing his very thoughts. up the search until daylight when he

nough to make us both rich or else I Confident there was no one but Rider shan't be 'bove ground. I'm takin' all near him, he called softly, and to his inthe resk an' ef yer don't come back tense delight the sailor answered from I shall prob'ly miss yer. I'll do my part an' you see you do yours."

It was evident that he was about to "Yes," was the surly reply, as the big engage in some desperate scheme, and miner reached his side, "and I've had a Rider hastened to assure him that he nice time gittin' here, too. I'm starved." would be back as fast as possible. "Shall I light a fire?" asked Rider.

"You'll travel light an' you orter be "I've got it all ready, but I was skitback in 12 days," said Bowers. "I shall tish about lighting it till I found out look fer yer bout that time. So long." Rider started off on the back trail at "You don't light no fire here," growled once, and while he is making his way to the other. "We've got ter put up with Dyea we must follow Hank Bowers as cold grub to-night. We've been regular he rides around the bowlder and approaches the spot where Tom Scott and his party had camped the night be-"Matter enuff! In the fust place, that Tarbox chap we see start for Dyea has

fore

carried. "I'll swear this is the way they went," he said aloud as he paused before the face of the cliff and looked keenly about him. "They hain't got wings an' they must be here somewhere or they'd never drove off them horses. They're in some place horses couldn't be took, but whar is it? Tain't up ther valley.

spot, examining each bowlder to see gan to grow angry.

"Wouldn't it be slick if that cuss should sell the hosses an' skip out an' I shouldn't find these-Hello! What's that!"

tore it aside. "I've got it now," he cried, as he entered without hesitation and made his

go! This beats all I ever saw!" the way was blocked by a massive rock which would have crushed him had he

con " fou feat truther show In spite of his wonderful nerve Bowrs was so startled that he uttered t shout of dismay, which reached the ear

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Tommy-Ma, I guess pa knew what was taiking about the other day when he said Mr. Saiffkins was an old

one of the vestrymen of the church. Tommy-1 know, but the minister told us in Sinday school to-day that there'd be a collection for the heathen, and, sure enough, old Sniffkins came with a basket and took my penny .-Philadelphia Press.

a cent.

Young Wife-Of course not. What would be the use of bothering you for every little thing I want, when it's so much easier to have the things charged .- N. Y. Weekly.

rooms of my own, and dine at the club,

Old Lady-Ah, I see. You must let me introduce you to my dear son, who lives with me. He is one of the old maid men.

Proprietor-Seems to me you were ather careless to give the best room in the house to an utter stranger without baggage. Hotel Clerk-Oh, he's all right. He's

se-damages to the plaintiff's injured heart, \$200,000 .- N. Y. Weekly. By the Sad Sea.

showing the visitors through the building. "And our sun parlors," he said,

"How about love?" asked the via-"Oh, we have moon parlors for that,

Unbiased Criticism. "What would you do, Nora," asked

tin' discouraged at all, at all," replied Nora. "O'd kape roight on larnin' till Oi could play dacently."-Cincinnati Enquirer.

young Jimson here a good deal lately. Do you think that the other fellow will like it?

Rider jumped at the proposal. Whether he would return or not was a "You'll come back. I shall have gold

He had no means of telling whether his approach was observed or not, but he rode boldly forward and soon reached the deserted camp. Here he dismounted and walked toward the cliff between the scattered rocks in the same direction he had seen the outfit

'cause I seen 'em come in here with my For some time he paced about the

that there was no hiding place near it. but he could discover nothing and be-

and make for the Klondike. We've got His restless eyes at last noticed the "Make for nothin'!" was the savage mass of vines which covered the opening in the cliff, and with a wrench he

way along the rocky passage. "What luck! No wonder they let the critters Ahead of him was a sharp turn, and Like most bullies, Obed Rider was just before he reached it there was a easily cowed by a bigger bully than crash like thunder, and an instant later

Proof Positive.

Rider had little choice. He dared not Ma-Why, Tommy! Mr. Sniffkins la demand half the outfit his own money mit, so with a show of sincerity he ex-"All right. Now, you keep watch the fust half of ther night an' call me for

Had Not Bothered Him. Young Husband (laying down a comic paper)-All this tomfoolery about women's extravagance makes me tired. We have been married two months, and you haven't asked me for

A Good Match. Old Lady-Then you are not married? Modern Miss-No, indeed. I am one of the bachelor girls you hear about so much nowadays-have a profession,

you know .- N. Y. Weekly.

A Reliable Guest.

worth a million at least. He's here as defendant in a suit for breach of prom-

The landlord of the Coral inn was oudly, "are for any disease."

you know."-Milwaukee Sentinel.

the young lady of the housemaid, "if you could play the piano the same as do?" "Sure, an' Oi wouldn't be afther get-

Forcing the Pace. Father-You've been encouraging

Daughter-Of course not, dad, but he